

# CHARIVARIA.

THE movement in favour of having processions of the Unemployed on Sundays is finding increased favour with the agitators, as so many men who are at work on week-days can then take part in these demonstrations.

"The Cabinet," says *The Observer*, *à propos* of the birth of a son to Mr. and Mrs. RAYMOND ASQUITH, "is poor in grandfathers." Anyhow, no one can say that it isn't rich in grandmotherly legislation.

So many convicts have lately tried to escape from Dartmoor prison that it almost looks as if they are not made comfortable there, and we are surprised that certain humanitarian Members of Parliament have not yet raised this point.

We refuse to believe that the concession made by the Government to the barmaids of Great Britain is due to its fear of creating 100,000 more Suffragettes.

Twenty-three Suffragettes have applied to be transferred from the second to the first division at Holloway Gaol. But surely the greater the hardships the greater the heroines.

A Lincolnshire magistrate announced last week that he had instructed his mother to apply for an Old-Age Pension on the ground that she had as much right to a pension as an ex-Cabinet Minister. We fear that the authorities will require a stronger claim than that.

The Braintree Guardians have decided to change the name of a house which has been hired for the boarding-out of children from "Poplar House" to "Cambridge Villa." We understand that the University town, while appreciating the compliment, also realises the awful responsibility.

An aged tramp living at Dunkirk has inherited £16,000 from an uncle. It is thought that the lucky beggar will now retire from business.

A conference has been held at Hull to consider a proposal for the construction of an independent line of railway from Nottingham to Hull. Personally we do not care for a line which is characterised by independence. We like our trains to be punctual.

Yet another accident to aeronauts! *The Daily Graphic* balloon, which, after waiting since September for a favourable wind, started last week for Siberia, has descended in Lincoln-

certain Company Promoter in the Kaffir Market.

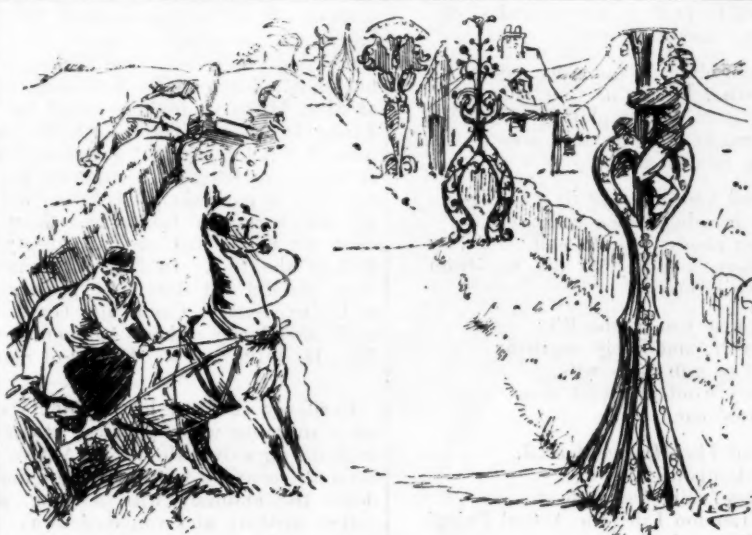
And *The Angel*, by GUY THORNE, is not an autobiography.

We have received a letter from a gentleman complaining bitterly of his wife, who refused to go out with him because he wanted to wear a hat which she considered too big for him. He thinks that she should be as tolerant to him as he is to her in such matters.

"The best breaks during the evening were: Inman, 149 (full), 176, and 121 (unfinished), of which 78 have been made off Dawson."

*The Sportsman.*

The losing hazard off the other man's body is a difficult stroke, but INMAN is rapidly becoming so proficient at it that (our authority is still *The Sportsman*) he is now prepared to give WILLIAMS 2,000 in 1,800 up for £100 a side. Not having seen WILLIAMS we cannot say whether a loser off him is more difficult to negotiate than one off DAWSON, but in any case INMAN will have to be at his very best to win.



## BEAUTIFYING OUR HIGHWAYS.

THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL PROPOSES TO OFFER A PRIZE NEXT YEAR FOR THE MOST ARTISTIC TELEGRAPH POLE.

shire. Still we understand that a fairly desolate part of that county was reached.

Trade is so bad that the only persons who are making money to-day are the counterfeit coiners, who have just issued a batch of capital false half-sovereigns.

*The Occult Review* publishes an article on "The Dangers of Premature Burial." We had always imagined that the practice must involve considerable risk to the health of the person interred.

*Fairy Tales from South Africa*, which is the name of a publication just issued by Messrs. MACMILLAN, is not, we are told, the latest work of a

Commissioner of Police's Notice re cab-calls:—

"On and after November 8th the code will be:—

For a motor cab	One blast.
For a hansom	Two blasts.
For a four-wheeled cab	Three blasts."

Mr. Punch would like to know how many are to be used when nothing turns up at all.

"TARIFF REFORM means UNEMPLOYED AGITATORS."

*Daily Express.*

Surely someone has blundered!

"KILKEEL DANCING CLASS.—This class holds two practices weekly, and the membership is increasing by leaps and bounds."

*The Newry Reporter.*

This is all very well for the Kitchen Lancers, but it doesn't do for the waltz.

### "PASSING THROUGH."

[“Many birds of passage are among those seen about. This is the season for shooting parties, and people are constantly passing through town for a couple of days or so, and this gives a somewhat fictitious air of gaiety to London.”—*The Daily Mail*.]

FLEET passenger, arrested in your flight!  
For just a day, a too brief day or so,  
You turn our London's darkness into light,  
Letting us bask within your radiant glow,  
And then—you have to go.

You come among us (how the mind reverts  
To angel visitors from out the blue!),  
Fill up your void of cartridges and shirts,  
Get your hair cut, and so to-morrow to  
Fresh woods and parties new.

There's no mistaking where you've been and bloomed,  
Nor how you got that rudely ruddy cheek,  
That figure less immaculately groomed—  
Not what we look to find of smooth and sleek  
From May to Goodwood week.

The breath of clover clings about your boots;  
The scent of heather hovers in your hair;  
Your countenance, from contemplating roots,  
Has caught the red beet's tone and come to wear  
The turnip's vacant air.

Perchance you spend your evening in a stall—  
Some lyric comedy where once again  
The old high-kicking chorus fails to pall,  
And the old wheezes charm that put no strain  
Upon your virile brain.

Perchance we recognise you at the Ritz  
Blatant with health, and haply overhear  
A fragmentary *mot* of gun-room wits,  
Hallowed by hoary wont and very dear  
To the habitual ear.

Yet, as the expert of *The Mail* confessed,  
This levity of birds upon the wing,  
Mere birds of passage, only has at best  
(Compared with London Life, the Actual Thing)  
A false, fictitious ring.

And Town, it seems, must bide the tarrying hours  
Until the covert-side has had its day,  
Setting you free to concentrate your powers  
And give your *esprit* that unfettered play  
Which makes us really gay.

O. S.

### DISCURSIONS.

SANDY BILL.

I DID not meet Sandy Bill until long afterwards, and then I had no genuine assurance that what I saw was really Sandy Bill. You shall hear about that later. In the meantime I may say that he was supposed to be a cat, not of the sub-fusc hue generally associated with the dress proper to be worn in the Cambridge Senate House, but of a super-fusc or bright ginger colour. He was alleged to be of gigantic size and immitigable ferocity, with a strange exotic taste for buttered eggs. All this we gathered from Mrs. HUGGINS, the bedmaker. Nobody else had seen him, and even Mrs. HUGGINS had only—if I may use her own words—“ketcht a flash of im” as he flew past her or over her head.

Sandy Bill was one of Mrs. HUGGINS's favourite legends. According to her he inhabited by preference the roof covering that special part of Trinity College, Cambridge, in which lay the scene of her duties and labours. She had never known him, she said, as a kitten, and we were permitted to infer that such heroic cats never had a kittenhood, but sprang fully clawed and toothed from the head of Pasht. To be sure it was not Mrs. HUGGINS who suggested Pasht. The name of that goddess was mentioned to her by NORMAN, the classical scholar, who had dabbled in Egyptian mythology. All that Mrs. HUGGINS observed in reply was this:—“I dessay there may 'ave bin a cat called by that name, but I never 'eard of 'er, and if there 'd been a Pash about the College I should have known it.” NORMAN thereupon apologised and withdrew Pasht.

I ought to add that, except in regard to buttered eggs, Sandy Bill was no marauder. So ferocious an animal would have scorned the proverbial pilferings of the convenient cat of lodging-houses. He drank no milk, he abstracted no butter. Alone, or in the company of a decreasing number of rats and mice, his daily sustenance, he inhabited the roof. According to the fond memory of Mrs. HUGGINS he was noted for a strong dislike of Junior Deans and Tutors. On the arrival of any specimen of this terrible and detested tribe within the range of his eye or his nose he mewed, so Mrs. HUGGINS told us, with a pathetic persistence; but, as NORMAN said, we didn't run to Junior Deans on our staircase, and thus we never had an opportunity of putting Sandy Bill to the test. In Mrs. HUGGINS's presence, however, we did not dare to express any violent disbelief in his existence. Could any Greek have taxed HOMER with mendacity when Agamemnon was mentioned? Mrs. HUGGINS was the HOMER of Sandy Bill.

Certainly she had her moments of triumph. Once, on a morning when she was stirring a preparation of buttered eggs over the fire in ASKEW's rooms, there had been a roar and a scurry as some monstrous beast came down the chimney with a bang, seized the luscious yellow mixture and vanished away, leaving Mrs. HUGGINS prostrate and eggless on the hearthrug, where ASKEW found her still tightly grasping her spoon. There had been buttered eggs; there were none when ASKEW came in. The obvious and only inference was Sandy Bill. Again on a certain evening when she was looking for a threepenny-bit at the bottom of the staircase by the aid of a tallow candle, she had seen two eyes glaring down at her from the top stair, had fainted with her candle in her hand, and had found neither candle nor candlestick when she came to herself. Sandy Bill, of course. I remember the evening, because the new waiter in hall had, in offering the soups, asked NORMAN if he preferred “thick 'are or garden 'are”—plainly a much better expression than your silly Frenchified *jardinière*.

The greatest triumph, however, happened in connection with the black Persian cat which ASKEW had brought from home in his third October term. A gentle amiable animal she was, but addicted to nocturnal wandering. One night she went to bed amongst ASKEW's underwear in the bottom drawer of his chest-of-drawers, and in the morning she had taken power (and used it) to add five ginger-coloured kittens to the population. This was conclusive. Mrs. HUGGINS did



ALONE I DIDN'T DO IT.

MR. TAFT (*breathless but triumphant*). "THANK YOU, TEDDY!"



ALONE I DONT DO IT.

THEY WILL TALK





*Amiable Old Gentleman (wedging himself in centre of seat of railway carriage). "WE ARE PACKED TO-NIGHT LIKE SARDINES."  
Fair Neighbour (unsociably). "SARDINE YOURSELF!"*

not exult in any mean way. Her face was flushed with pleasure as she led us to the drawer and showed us Sandy Bill's kittens.

Many years afterwards, when I brought my wife to Cambridge, we called on Mrs. HUGGINS at her private residence and had a cup of tea. I talked of old days and of Sandy Bill. "You're settin' on 'im, Sir," said Mrs. HUGGINS. I rose with some alacrity from my arm-chair and saw that its seat was spread with an ancient yellow skin. Mrs. HUGGINS explained that she had found him after his lamented death, and had at first intended to have her hero stuffed. She had, however, decided eventually in favour of skinning him, and there he was. This was all I ever saw of Sandy Bill.

### THE IMPULSE.

["The Poet must make his readers believe that he writes from an irresistible inward impulse."—*The Times*.]

WHEN you're sitting in the twilight and there comes an inclination

To commence a sheet of foolscap with the magic words "To Jane,"

May we view the lines that follow as the natural emanation

Of an all-compelling moment flushed with Passion and with Pain?

And arrive at the conclusion

That your amorous effusion

Represents a fervid impulse of the Heart and of the Brain?

Was it, then, some ardent whisper full of Springtime and of Courting

That in sudden inspiration drew your stylo from its sheath?

And when Pegasus was mounted—did he canter off cavorting

Up the slopes of steep Parnassus with the bit between his teeth?

Was—in short—your lyric burden

Born of moonrise, and its guerdon

Just your gentle JANE'S approval, and a fair-sized laurel wreath?

It is yours, my young Apollo, to uphold this pleasant fancy,

For we mustn't know the sonnet cost you several hours of stress,

And might just as well have gone to either LILIAN or NANCY

Had they shown the same facilities for rhythmical address;

Mustn't know the ode to JINNY

Was inspired by—say—a guinea

To be wrung with tribulation from a stony-hearted Press!

"Staff-Captain N. was the hero of a night adventure during the week. On his way to the Christopher Street ferry he witnessed the horrible sight of a woman being felled with a blackjack. The usual crowd gathered, but seemed paralyzed with fear. The Staff-Captain, forgetting everything but that a precious life was in danger, ran to the Charles Street Police Station."—*The War Cry* (New York).

We can picture the heroic scene—with the staff-captain in the foreground fairly sprinting.

### THE PINK SMOKING-ROOM.

9.15 P.M.—“Yes, it’s a beautiful day,” I said, “and I think the KAISER made a mistake, but what do you mean by ‘disabilities of sex’? On the other hand, I should be inclined to back DUNCAN and MAYO.”

“I didn’t say anything,” said Miss MIDDLETON, looking up from her book.

“I beg your pardon. I thought you coughed.”

Miss MIDDLETON returned to her book, and there was a breathless silence for a quarter of an hour.

“If you would only let me get a word in,” I said, “I would point out your mistake. When you argue that—”

“I didn’t say anything,” said Miss MIDDLETON, looking up from her book.

“I’m sorry. I could have sworn you sighed.”

Miss MIDDLETON returned to her book, and there was another breathless silence for a quarter of an hour.

Then I could bear it no longer. I stood up and shouted “Help!” at the top of my voice.

Miss MIDDLETON gave a loud scream.

“It’s all right,” I said soothingly. “There’s no danger. Please keep your seat. The captain—”

“Oh, what did you—I quite felt— You *did* frighten me.”

“I thought you’d be wanting assistance. You’ve just found the body, haven’t you?”

She picked up the book, and read the title with a smile.

“I’m very sorry,” she said. “I have been awfully rude, haven’t I? But it’s so exciting. Let’s read it together, if you like. I’ll just explain where I’ve got to.”

10.0.—It is called *The Mystery of the Pink Smoking-room*. Wakened by loud cries at midnight, James the butler rushed to the door of Miss Primrose’s room, where a terrible struggle was proceeding, and rattled at the handle. He was quickly followed by Professor Matthews (the father), George, who was staying in the house, and Eliza the cook. There were no other servants. When at last they broke the door down, they found Miss Primrose on the floor with a bullet-wound in the forehead, and no sign of the assassin.

“That’s where I’m up to now,” said Miss MIDDLETON. “Come on. Who do you suspect?”

“I suspect James. He was there first. It’s always a good rule to suspect the man who was there first.”

“But the detective proved—”

“Is there a detective?”

“Yes, he’s just arrived. I’m going to suspect *him*. He’s the last person you would suspect naturally, isn’t he? so he’s bound to be the one. That’s the best way to do it.”

“That’s all right so far as it goes, but it doesn’t go far enough. James is the first person you’d suspect: therefore he’s the last person to have done it. Therefore he probably did do it.”

“Hadn’t we better read a bit more? Perhaps James has an *alibi*.”

“If James is the man I take him for, he has at least two *alibis*; but he probably did it all the same. Come on.”

10.15.—We don’t know what to make of it. James hasn’t had an *alibi* yet, but he has been arrested, which is just as good.

“They’d never arrest the real assassin on page 58,” I explained to Miss MIDDLETON. “If they did I should insist on having my money back—I mean your money back.”

“What about my detective? He hasn’t arrested himself yet.”

“Don’t be so absurd. I know it isn’t him.”

“So do I. That’s what makes me think it is.”

“But I can tell you why it can’t be. The detective never knows at the very beginning who did it, does he?”

“Of course not, or there wouldn’t be a story.”

“Well, then, if he’d done it himself he would have known.”

10.30.—James is still under arrest. Primrose’s injury is not mortal, and she has been sent to a hospital at Cromer. But her mind is a blank. A new man, Rogers, has just arrived from Australia. Miss MIDDLETON and I suspected him at once, but I said it first. At least a dozen witnesses can prove that he was on board at the time, which looks rather suspicious. I don’t quite see how he’s going to explain that away.

10.45.—We have decided to tabulate our theories. Here they are:—

(a) Primrose was shot through the keyhole by Rogers. (*My contribution*.)

(b) Primrose was a Christian Scientist, and only *thought* she’d been shot. (*Miss MIDDLETON’s contribution*.)

(c) Primrose shot herself. (*My contribution*.)

(d) And then swallowed the revolver—don’t be so ridiculous. (*Miss MIDDLETON’s contribution*.)

(e) Primrose fell out of bed on to a bullet. (*Miss MIDDLETON’s contri-*

*bution. She says she has often done this herself.*)

11.0.—We are going to work on a new line. The author has promised that somebody we know is going to confess on the last page, so we have made a list of all the people who have been mentioned so far. In addition to those I have named already (most of whom have been arrested), we have:

Daphne (Primrose’s twin sister. But the author has practically sworn that Daphne didn’t do it.)

John (her brother, who died in India).

CLINTON FYLES (the author of the book).

E. N. H. (to whom he has dedicated it); and

SHAKESPEARE (“As Shakespeare says”—p. 37).

“It’s simply got to be one of those, according to FYLES,” I told Miss MIDDLETON.

“He doesn’t actually say so. All he says is that little did one of them know that their terrible secret was about to be revealed. Of course if it wasn’t they wouldn’t. I believe it’s hypnotism or spiritualism or something like that. That will be absolutely rotten.”

“He’s simply having us on, you know, that’s what it is.”

“Well, anyhow,” said Miss MIDDLETON, “we’ve suspected everybody once, so we’re bound to be right. Turn over, quick.”

11.19.—Primrose’s body has just been found in the pink smoking-room. She has been shot again, I suppose. This is very unsettling. Particularly as we all thought she was at Cromer.

11.21.—Primrose is alive! But very weak. She is going to tell us what happened. Quick!

11.30.—She has told us!

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“Scored off!” said Miss MIDDLETON. “Just fancy! I should like to pretend that I suspected this all along, but I didn’t really.”

“You told me,” I said coldly, “that Primrose was shot and went to Cromer. Now it turns out to have been Daphne all the time.”

“Don’t be angry,” pleaded Miss MIDDLETON. “James thought so too, and he has known them much longer than I have. All the same I don’t think twins are quite fair.”

“And even then Primrose only shot her by accident. No, I’m not angry, but if ever I meet CLINTON FYLES face to face, I’ll—”

“Do!” said Miss MIDDLETON. “And I’ll promise to suspect you last.”

A. A. M.



Player (to lady opponent). "WHAT MADE YOU PUT YOUR KING ON MY ACE? YOU COULDN'T BEAT IT."  
Lady. "No; BUT I COULD TRY."

COOKERY TIPS BY "TOOTSIE."

MARJORIE AND MURIEL. — Few people know, dear M<sup>r</sup> and M<sup>r</sup>s, how easily the humble mutton-chop may be transformed into a dainty dish fit to "set before a king." The following is one way, specially suitable for girls like yourselves who occupy a small flat. Having removed all the feathers, hold the chop with a pair of pincers in the flame of a spirit-lamp for a quarter of an hour. (If the pincers get hot take your curling-tongs.) Have your wash-basin handy, and should the chop catch alight dash it smartly into the water, remove it, and let it drip on a piece of toast, then frizzle as before. Blow out lamp, blow out chop, swing it from window till cool enough to hold, then pick off the burnt bits and crumble them between thumb and finger on to the wet toast. Catch hold of chop bone firmly in one hand, grasp toast in other, and take alternate bites. I feel sure you will enjoy this.

SADIE.—You were in too much hurry over the shrimp cake; you ought to fry the shrimps before you

put them in, not fry the whole thing. As this is a little difficult perhaps for a beginner, try your hand at making a mushroom custard. For the *motif*, take a quart of freshly-caught mushrooms. The best are always found in the shallow pools when the tide is out, and as you live at the seaside you should have good fun getting them yourself. You can easily distinguish them from toadstools—the latter have no back fins. Pull off their heads and tails and wait till they stop jumping; then shell and core them, dust a little violet-powder over them, and fry till they pop. Take each one separately and brush it carefully with a clean toothbrush, hold under tap, and mash. Serve hot with apple-sauce and chloroform. Some people prefer the latter first, but it is optional.

ETHEL.—You enquire how to construct *Pommes de terre à l'eau*. This is a most appetising summer drink, or can be drunk hot as a wine (tee-total) suitable for winter. Take the juice of four potatoes, and add a gallon of water; stir for an hour with a large frayed cabbage-stump (this gives its characteristic satisfying

flavour). If your arm aches, change hands. Shred half a Spanish onion into the liquid and let it hum over a slow fire until the neighbours come in to ask if the gas is escaping; this usually happens in twenty minutes. Reassure them, remove from fire, put lid on and hold it down till cold.

MARGARITA.—Next time you try making the cheese patties you should hem the edges with fine thread. This keeps the cheese from escaping.

ALICIA.—No, you do not seem to have succeeded with the beefsteak *purée*. Are you sure the maid lit the fire? As a substitute for the *purée* have you tried orange wine? Take two oranges, wash and dry well with a rough towel; if they cry, smack them; if they merely whimper, it doesn't count. Stew them, pour in the whites of four eggs, add milk, strain, stir till they fizz, and let the mixture stand for eight to ten hours; may sit when tired. To make sure it is quite tender, break off a bit and eat it. Then bake till the top is pale pink, set in a cool place to rise, butter a pie-dish thickly, sprinkle with tooth-powder and serve with parsley. "TOOTSIE."



## HOW TO GET FED.

"CHARLES," I said, "I am in trouble. You know always what to do and how to do it. Advise me."

"JAMES," he answered briefly, "I will."

"I am not properly fed," I said. "For seventeen years I have seen around me at restaurants the choicest food, and have never been able to eat it."

"Teeth?" said CHARLES.

"Waiters," I said. "Everywhere I go there are crowds of hateful little men with morbid eyes, and nasty big men with red faces and far too many chins, feeding on the fat of the land and their every want anticipated. I get served with the worst and after the longest delay."

"That should not be. It is the waiters' duty and not the consumers' privilege to wait."

"I have tried all remedies. I have appealed to the waiter's sense of decency, and have been treated with unctious to my face and with laughter behind my back, and the service has become, if possible, worse. I have appealed to his religion, his sense of humour, his humanity, his pocket. Every method of defence has been in vain."

"Never be defensive," said CHARLES. "Be offensive. Come with me and see how it is done."

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"Waiter!" said CHARLES; and the waiter rushed to his call who had ambled to mine. "Why in thunder don't you come when I call?"

"I did, Sir," said the waiter.

"Silence!" said CHARLES. "The heat is unbearable. Turn on the fans and open the windows."

"But the other customers, Sir," said the waiter.

"Turn on all the fans and open all the windows," interrupted CHARLES; "and be quick about it."

"I didn't find it particularly hot," said I to CHARLES.

"No more did I," said CHARLES. "But to make an impression one must begin at the beginning."

"In fact," I continued, "I thought it nicer as it was at first."

"Waiter!" called CHARLES, and that waiter positively galloped. "Hurry up. This draught is disgraceful. Turn off all the fans and shut all the windows."

"But, Sir, you told me . . ."

"Do as I tell you," said CHARLES fiercely; and the waiter did it.

"We have reduced his proud spirit; and now for the manager. Let us complain of the salt."

"The salt is dry enough," said I. "Then wet it," said CHARLES, and dropped a little water on to it.

He made the waiter have a good look at it, and, the salt remaining wet in spite of the look, sent for the manager. After a little while a man appeared with slightly better dress clothes and a black tie.

"Go away," said CHARLES. "I sent for the manager."

"I am the manager," said the person.

"You are not," said CHARLES.

"You are the head waiter, and a grossly incompetent head waiter at that. Send me the manager." And after a little longer interval that official came. His frockcoat proved his managership.

"Are you the manager?" said CHARLES.

"I am, Sir."

"Then you are the worst manager in the whole wide world. Look at this salt—the dampest, the wettest, the soppiest mess I have ever seen."

"I will speak to the waiter, Sir," said he, and he was on the point of abusing that luckless man.

"What?" said CHARLES. "You dare to provide us with the worst possible food in the most uncomfortable room in London and then try to put me off by abusing a helpless waiter? If it had not been for him, I do not believe we should ever have had any salt at all."

"Sir . . ." said the manager, with some show of fight.

"Silence!" snapped CHARLES. "Am I to be shouted down like this? Take this stuff away and bring us some more, and see that our dinner is served with some approach to decency and promptitude."

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"CHARLES," I said, over the most delicious and best served dinner I have ever known, "you are positively brutal."

"Not brutal," said he, "but wise. I think the food is excellent, the place comfortable, and the attention faultless. Restaurants, my dear friend, are run on commercial and not on humane considerations. It is the business of the caterer to satisfy the customer, and, if the customer starts off by being satisfied, the caterer will take no more trouble. In private life our waiter would be more friendly disposed to you than to me. But this is not private life—this is business. To him and his manager you are not a man to be loved, but a number to be fed and

kept quiet and got rid of as quickly as possible."

"But the tip? Surely that has some weight?"

"Oh, JAMES," he said, "you have much to learn. The waiter knows, as you do not, that you tip entirely upon principles of fashion and not upon principles of justice. However he treats you, he knows you will give him as little as you dare. Possibly you will be frightened into increasing your tip by a proud demeanour and a bullying manner. Confess that you have never left a restaurant without giving the usual tip to a waiter who has neglected you and very nearly insulted you all the meal."

When we rose to go the waiter helped us on with our coats, the head waiter handed us our hats, and the manager was there to wish us good-night.

## THE FLIERS.

(From our Special Correspondent at Le Mans.)

MR. WILBUR WRIGHT yesterday made several ascents, each time with a passenger. Among those fortunate gentlemen were the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, Mr. HENRY JAMES, Mr. SIDNEY LEE, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON, Mmes. MELBA and TETRAZZINI, Mr. HENRY FARMAN and Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER.

The Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, who was one of Mr. WILBUR WRIGHT's passengers, being in the air for some ten minutes, remarked on descending that he had never known anything like it. It was superior even to his own flights of rhetoric. The sensation could be compared with nothing that he had ever experienced: it was as though he soared over the earth without past or future—almost without present. The only drawback was perhaps that there was no one to talk to, for Mr. WRIGHT discouraged conversation. Asked if he were cold, the reverend gentleman replied that he would no doubt have been had he not been wearing MINTO's clothes to measure.

Mr. HENRY JAMES alighted upon the earth again (*terra firma*, as he expressed it) with obvious pleasure. For a long time he remained inarticulate, but was then, by those in the immediate vicinity, understood to say that if, by any possibility, under whatever conditions, there should be, however faintly adumbrated, an invitation, nay appeal, or even if it were an entreaty, to, so to speak, induce him once again to entrust, in a





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STUDY OF AN EMINENT M.P. TAKING A CONSTITUTIONAL.

manner of speaking, his limbs, not to mention his other organs, to such an infernal contrivance . . . .” and so on.

Mr. SIDNEY LEE, who was next honoured with an invitation to accompany Mr. WRIGHT, described his experience as exhilarating in the extreme. He said that it was like riding on a Theban eagle, or a swan. Riding a turtle was nothing to it. In an eloquent peroration Mr. LEE vindicated the use of a high-flown style as suitable to aviators.

Mr. CHESTERTON’S experiences were less fortunate than those of his friends. For a long time the aeroplane refused to leave the ground; and it was not until the great critic had emptied his pockets of books and other impedimenta that it rose at all. It then flew slowly round the parade ground twice and came to earth again with a groan. On Mr. CHESTERTON’S slipping from it, however, it sprang into the zenith like an indiarubber ball. Mr. CHESTERTON described his sensations with vigour and vividness. It reminded him, he said, of being in a heavenly

hansom with the blessed consciousness continually present that one would not have to pay the fare. He looked forward to the day when he would be able at Battersea to whistle down from the skies an aeroplane to carry him to Fleet Street, and *vice versa*.

Madame MELBA and Madame TETRAZZINI, who made successive ascents, were equally enthusiastic in expressing their delight. As Madame MELBA wittily put it, “I have long been a star, but I have never been so near the other stars before.” Madame TETRAZZINI declared that the aeroplane soared higher in *altissimo* when she was on board than when Madame MELBA was the passenger; but when asked to adjudicate on this point Mr. WRIGHT preserved a discreet reticence.

Mr. HENRY FARMAN, who obtained his seat on the aeroplane only by disguising himself as an ecstatic French journalist and kissing Mr. WRIGHT very vigorously, said that he did not think much of his experiences. In fact he did not feel safe for a moment. If Mr. WRIGHT cared at any time to

come to him, he would show him what flying really was.

Mr. WILLIAM ARCHER on alighting said that he had never spent a more wonderful ten minutes. As he passed swiftly and steadily through the air he had felt like nothing so much as a great strong bird—yet with the brain of a man and dramatic critic. It was that which made it so interesting. The spelling of aeroplane might, however, he thought, be much simplified.

The Rule 10 (d) for deciding who wins the prize of the Dublin University Engineering Students’ Society is as follows:—

“They shall then take the number of attendances at ordinary General Meetings of each such speaker, multiply by one hundred, and divide by three times the total number of ordinary General Meetings held during the session, and add to the number thus obtained his average mark for speaking multiplied by ten.”

We have not seen Rule 10 (e), but it probably runs: “The Chairman shall then guess the number which the speaker originally thought of.”



### THE IMAGE AND THE REALITY.

Tommy (who, in the performance of his duties as "casualty," is wearing labels inscribed "Chest blown in by shell," "Left leg shattered" by bullet," and has just been accidentally tilted out of his stretcher). "NOW YOU REALLY 'AVE 'TERT ME!"

#### HAND-AND-FOOT DISEASE.

[Dr. WARNER, lecturing on nursery hygiene, inveighed against the practice of wrapping up a baby's hands and feet. The movement of the extremities showed the first impressions of the brain, and in the interest of brain development should not be impeded.]

LISTEN, O ye mothers, to my tale:  
I am one who never had a chance,  
Born or ever science could prevail  
Over pestilential ignorance.

Silent in my cot I used to lie,  
Very, very limp about the spine,  
Very, very vacant in the eye,  
Waiting for the touch of the divine.

Sometimes in the infinite inane  
Elemental impulses arose,  
Troubled the grey matter of my  
brain,

Quivered to a twiddle in my toes.  
And anon from chaos there would  
come  
Impacts that no infant might  
resist,

Tapping on my baby cerebrum,  
Till I waved an answer with my  
fist.

Did none understand what it must  
mean?

Was there no physician near to  
warn?

Had they any grasp of hygiene?

Woe is me that ever I was born!

For my nurses started to my side,  
Wrapped me but the tighter in a  
shawl;

Intellect incontinently died,  
Slain by inability to sprawl.

So, by mental atrophy, I gat  
Capable of penning *this* poor thing.  
Shudder, mothers! Let your little  
brat

Have in his extremity his fling.

#### MORE ROYAL INDISCRETIONS.

I MET him in a field near Sandring-  
ham. He was looking for late black-  
berries. A pricked finger gave me  
my opportunity.

"And now it has stopped bleeding,  
tell me your impressions of England  
this time," I asked.

"If you are one of the people that  
write for the papers I am very glad  
to see you," he replied. "England  
seems all right, you know; but there  
is something wrong with the papers.  
Don't you think the views of some  
of the younger members of the Royal  
Houses of Europe ought to be accept-  
able just now, when European poli-  
tics are so much to the front?"

"Tell me what you think of Bul-  
garia," I asked without hesitation.

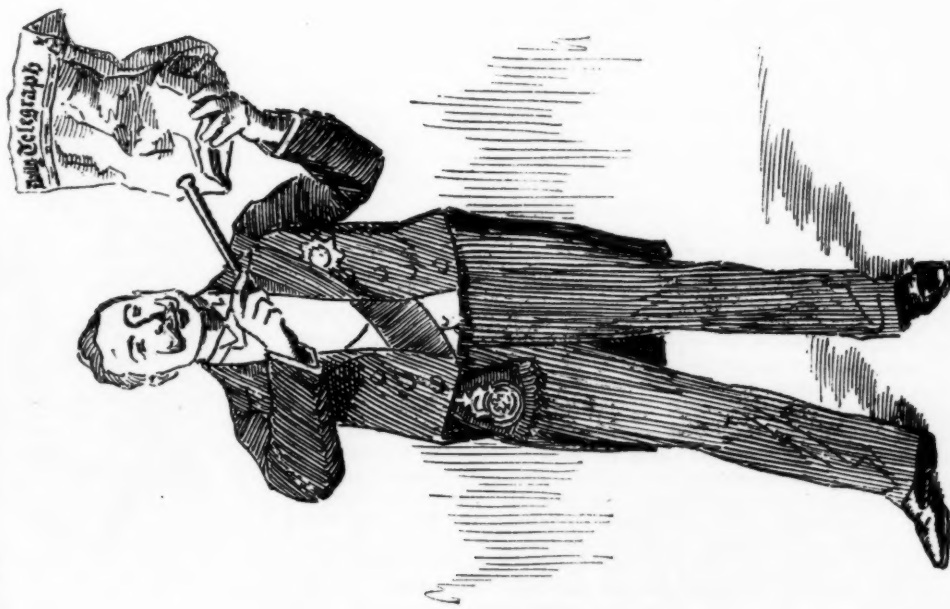
"Oh, Bulgaria is horrid to fit into  
the map, and I should like it ab-  
ablosch—abolished.

"You see," he resumed, "it isn't  
as if I was only an ordinary Prince.  
I am a Crown Prince, and I shall be  
King some day, and they ought to  
take more notice of me, even if I  
have grown serious. The other day  
a dear old gentleman, who, Mamma  
told me, was a retired diplomatist,  
came to see me. So I got him away  
from the others into a corner, and  
put some writing-paper and a pen on  
the table, and told him just what I  
thought about Cousin WILLIAM and a  
lot of the others. I haven't seen  
anything about it in the papers  
yet, but I keep on looking every  
morning.

"I am very glad they've sold half  
a million of my picture. Yes, taken  
by Grandmamma, you know, and put  
in her book."

"Then is your portrait to be  
among the others in that book?" I  
asked.

The blue eyes opened their widest.  
"Why, yes," he replied. "I'm  
not sure that there are to be any  
others, are there?"



GERMAN KAISER (as Conjuror). "AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, FOR THE BENEFIT OF MY ENGLISH FRIENDS IN THE AUDIENCE, I WILL, FROM THIS SIMPLE PAPER, PRODUCE THE DOVE OF PEACE."



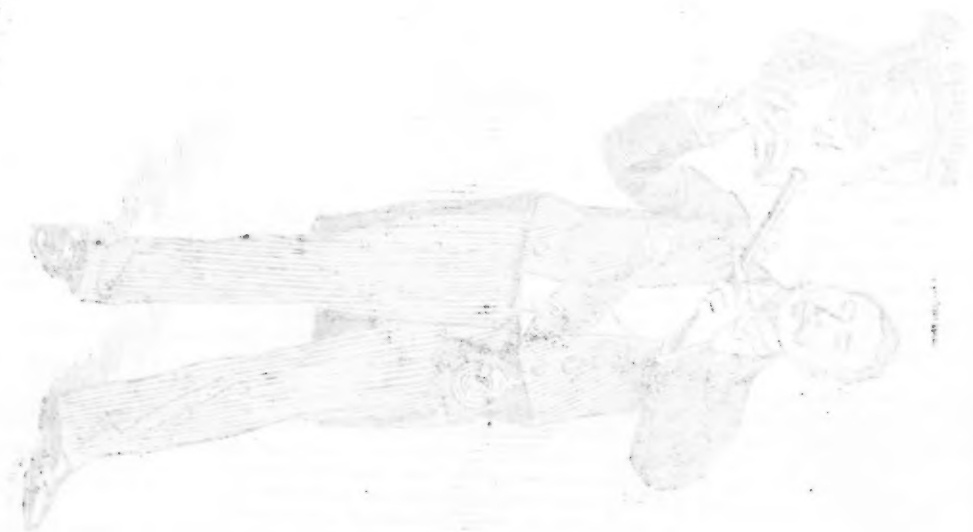
*Ende, Vandalismus*

## AN UNREHEARSED EFFECT.

"HALLO! WRONG ANIMAL MY MISTAKE."



THE UNBURNED FLEET



## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, November 2nd. — Prevalent dullness of debate on Licensing Bill occasionally varied by passages in which Members on both sides relate personal experiences. To hear Colonel HALL WALKER descant on "the long pull" was a liberal education. One never realised before how much emotion can be evoked by watching the process. The barman takes your jug across the counter, fills it, as nearly as possible, precisely to limit of measurement you stipulate for. Then, breathlessly watched by you, back goes his hand, and with supplementary pull "fills up the cup," as Mr. ASQUITH used to say before he was Premier.

One gathers from the gallant Colonel that there is rich opportunity for study of human nature in the procedure. A shrewd observer will as he carries away his jug, be able to form an accurate judgment of the natural generosity or inborn niggardliness of the barman.

Then there was Mr. LUPTON in his moment of confidence.

"I have been in hundreds of public-houses in the country," he said, instinctively wiping his lips with a glow of pleased reminiscence, "and have met with a very good reception."

Whilst these flashes of human nature are refreshing in the arid waste of debate, there must be some



THE PARLIAMENTARY BEAVER. (CASTOR BANBURIENSIS.)

"The Beaver's instinct leads him to the formation of dams . . . He dams the whole stream, blocking and obstructing its course, covering the obstruction with mud and stones in the most workmanlike manner, which contributes to the strength of the dam. . . . In some countries the Beaver is content with a secluded burrow, but in others his dwelling-place is a much more complicated affair."—*Natural History.*

limit to them if we are to get the Licensing Bill through in convenient time for the waiting Lords. Therefore, though for a moment the Committee regretted the interposition, it is generally admitted the CHAIRMAN was justified in pulling up Mr. G. A. HARDY as he was reaching the most thrilling part of his narrative.

It was BANBURY who led up to the incident. Question arising on proposal to close public-houses on polling days, he testified that at recent election at Peckham proceedings were almost dolefully respectable.

"There were," he said, "only two convictions for drunkenness on polling day, and the parties were two women who did not live in the borough." Were probably brought in on tramcar by the Liberal Agent.

It was this that called G. A. HARDY to the front. He had, he told the entranced Committee, visited Peckham on polling day and found

it "a perfect pandemonium of drunkenness." HARDY himself seems to have been in state of some perplexity, for, as he said, "in the evening I asked five people to direct me to a certain place." Of these "four were drunk; the fifth, a postman, directed me."

Even the postman not above suspicion. In ordinary way of business an article, whether a letter or parcel, being directed, would be stamped with office postmark. Insisting on regarding the Hon. Member as a parcel, the Peckham postman, having "directed him," proceeded to obliterate imaginary stamp on his shoulder-blade. This naturally turned Mr. HARDY's attention in the direction of the police.

"The policemen—" he continued.

Here the CHAIRMAN interposed with call to order, and Mr. HARDY abruptly resumed his seat, like

Him who left half told  
The story of Cambuscan bold.



"THEN THERE WAS MR. LUPTON."



SOMETHING TO THE GOOD.

"Yes, the country is not only safe, but, if I may use the expression, it is overwhelmingly safe."—Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna in the House of Commons.

**Business done.**—Fourteenth day in Committee on Licensing Bill.

**Tuesday.**—Indefinable air of unrest broods over House. Everyone conscious of it; none can explain it. Began, I think, with HICKS-BEACH'S disclosure of things going on in the Isle of Wight. According to him, a party of officers from Naval War College went the other day for a reconnaissance of the Isle, and whom should they find on the spot but a number of German officers engaged in selecting a suitable place for landing troops!

SARK says the story reminds him of one told by CHARLES LAMB about Bob Allen in his character of contributor to *The Oracle*. Was paid for paragraphs at rate of sixpence each. Half-a-dozen or less provided him with a dinner. On a particular day, incidents being scarce and dinner necessary, he sent in the following: "Walking yesterday morning casually down Snow Hill, whom should we meet but Deputy Humphreys!"

This was the end of his connection with the paper.

About HICKS-BEACH'S story there certainly is something of the unex-

pected turn that marks Bob Allen's last contribution to *The Oracle*. McKENNA says the whole thing is a mare's-nest, a narrative of the kind suitable for circulation among the marines. That all very well. But House recalls how last summer MARK LOCKWOOD, scouting in Epping Forest, attracted by smell of German sausage, cleverly followed a trail that brought him upon three Germans lunching behind a haycock. They said they were commercial travellers.

MARK too old a soldier to be taken in by stories of that kind. Seized early opportunity of bringing matter under notice of House, and a few months later there were published notes of the famous interview with the KAISER, in which his Majesty endeavoured to show that, so far from harbouring evil designs against this country, he even supplies the British Army in the field with plans of campaign.

Thus putting two and two together, we get a more or less connected story. At best it does not uplift the cloud of uneasiness alluded to, nor does it convince HICKS-BEACH that all is well in the Isle of Wight.

**Business done.**—Clauses 21 to 35 of Licensing Bill declared carried in Committee as fast as CHAIRMAN could put the question.

**House of Lords, Wednesday.**—"Such larks!" as, before "Great Expectations" dawned, Pip used to say to Joe Gargery.

Noble lords weary of coming down every day and finding no work to do. This afternoon one from back bench proposed a game. Something with a bit of chance running through it, on which, if any were so minded, a sov. might be put. Bridge out of the question; roulette needed a table; pitch-and-toss would never do, seeing that in Committee on Children's Bill it was proposed to pass clause limiting pastime of street urchins by prohibiting smoking cigarettes. Happy thought. Draw lots for something. Same fun; full maximum of chance with minimum of undesirable detail. Cries of "Content!"

"The Contents have it," said the LORD CHANCELLOR.

Thereupon BLACK ROD brought in CLERK OF THE CROWN and HANAPER, fortuitously in attendance without. Reported that in the election for an Irish Representative Peer in room of Lord Rosse, deceased, Lords ASHTOWN and FARNHAM had received equal number of votes.

"Bring in a glass bowl," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, re-adjusting his wig.

Odd how it fell out that everything was ready. The CLERK OF THE HOUSE produced from folds of his gown a finger-bowl.

"Now," said the LORD CHANCELLOR, entering thoroughly into spirit of the game, "take two slips of paper. Write Lord ASHTOWN on one, Lord FARNHAM on tother. Twist them so that names are hidden, and drop 'em into bowl."

The CLERK bowed low to the Wool-sack and followed instructions.

"Got 'em in?" asked the LORD CHANCELLOR, his wig awry with excitement. "Very well; now wait till I count twenty-five."

Amid hushed silence the Peers of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled followed the slow enumeration.

"—Twenty-five," cried the LORD CHANCELLOR, bounding on the Wool-sack with activity recalling SWIFT MACNEILL in another place. "Shut your eyes; pick one paper out of the bowl, open it and read the name."

"LORD ASHTOWN," responded the CLERK.

"Very well," said the LORD CHANCELLOR. "In accordance with





### THE ORDEAL BY WATER.

TRYING POSITION OF AN AMATEUR HUNTSMAN WHO HAS PROMISED THE BRUSH TO THE LADY OF HIS CHOICE.

the Act of Union I declare LORD ASHTOWN duly elected."

Then noble lords took up Children's Charter, and passing it through Committee, went home quite refreshed.

*Business done.*—Sixteenth day of Licensing Bill in the Commons.

### WILLIAM THE GREAT.

#### A STUDY IN THE IMMENSE.

It is essential that the English-speaking world as well as America should know something of the personality of the new PRESIDENT; for he has come, as we say, to stay, and he may make history during office.

WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT is, it is computed, the biggest thing that Columbus did. America is a great country, but not even America is too great for BIG BILL TAFT. He overlaps it here and there: outlying portions of his person sag into the sea on either coast. BIG BILL TAFT is immense. He has been gigantic all his life. As a baby he required a syndicate of nurses; as a boy his

gambols shook Cincinnati; as a Sophomore he made it necessary for new steel girders to be built into Yale. Since then he has grown steadily. Like all great men he has never stopped growing; and now the plans of a completely new and really commodious White House are being drawn up, and until it is ready the PRESIDENT-ELECT will live in the dome of the neighbouring Capitol.

The Americans love a personality which lends itself to familiarity, and BIG BILL TAFT is and will be very popular. The very style BIG BILL is of the essence of intimacy. BIG BILL TAFT—could GEORGE WASHINGTON and ABRAHAM LINCOLN have a more desirably-named successor? Certain is one thing, and that is that he will be himself. No man will ever carry him.

But bulk is not BIG BILL's only merit. He has a smile, too. TAFT's smile is like an *aurora borealis*; TAFT's laugh is like the gayest music of the spheres. He has smiled and laughed his way into the Presidential Chair. Speeches he made, it is true, until his voice was gone—

that mighty organ dwindled to a whisper—but he need never have said a word. All he had to do was to stand before the millions in Pa. and Ia., Wis. and Da., and expand into risibility.

It is a great power, this power of genial mirth, and no one ever had more of it than BIG BILL TAFT.

Although jovial and huge, BIG BILL is not lethargic. On the contrary, he is energetic, and the Americans, who are nothing if not witty, call him "a steam-engine in trousers." It is a long nickname for a snappy, hustling race; but there it is. "Under the crown of his hat," it is written, "he carries a little American flag"—as a talisman and as a reminder of country and duty.

His rise has been steady and sure; but it was not until he led the Princess ALICE round the world that his name became a household word. Of that historic progress who can tell? Not Mr. TAFT, for he disdains authorship. Never since Una fared forth with her lion have there been such travels. The Great Pyramid has

never been quite the same since Mr. TAFT ascended its summit; and Egyptologists have noted a far more genial expression on the face of the Sphinx since that mysterious monster was saluted by his overwhelming smile. On his landing in Cuba he won all hearts by observing that, though born in America, his feet were Cubic.

His interview with the POPE is history also. The Vatican still shows signs of the meeting in a number of fissures and subsidences. The HOLY FATHER, after some hours' hard work, succeeded in blessing the greater portion of his visitors.

Like many other men of majestic stature, Mr. TAFT has an infinitesimal appetite. But to make up for this abstinence he is a voracious reader. His favourite novelist, it need hardly be added, is SARAH GRAND; his favourite essayist is Mr. A. C. BENSON, the author of *At Large*; his favourite short story, *The Drums of the Fore and Taft*. In conclusion, it should be noted that, though he occasionally plays golf, he has an hereditary passion for the sport of Big-sticking.

#### MENUS TO MEASURE.

SHORT COMMONS FOR THE MINISTRY.  
[The invention of the following Bill of Fare is attributed to the well-known gourmet,  
MR. VICTOR GRAYSON, M.P.]

Potage  
Hot Water.

Poisson.

Flounders. Sauce Diable.

Entrées.

Suffragette Grillée.

Réchauffé d'Arguments.

Hash.

Rôtis.

Cooked Statistics (to be taken with Salt).

The Goose which laid the Golden Eggs.

Légumes.

Beans.

Entremets.

Sweets of Office.

(All Wines must be ordered between 6 and 6.15 p.m., the legal limit under the new Licensing Act.)

"Mr. Taft weighs 20 st. in his stockings."  
*The Star.*

His height in shirt and trousers is about six feet.

#### MR. JONES'S GREAT DISCOVERY.

MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES, in the course of probing Life to the core, has discovered a new World-Truth; and, like a good fellow, he wouldn't hear of keeping it to himself. He has discovered the fact, hitherto unsuspected, that it is a foible of Human Nature to make futile resolutions every New Year's Day; and, in *Dolly Reforming Herself* at the Haymarket, he is letting all London into his secret. But here his generosity stops. He might easily, in five Acts, with two scenes apiece, have illustrated his point with ten similar and consecutive New Year's Days. But he has only given us a couple of these anniversaries. Still, even so, we get



DEBATABLE BILLS.

Tel'fer . . . . . Mr. Robert Loraine.  
Mrs. Tel'fer . . . Miss Ethel Irving.

as much repetition as we can do with; and Four Acts without a change of scene help to keep our minds from wandering from the one idea.

The play is a slight thing, which threatens to be tedious at times, but is carried off by really admirable all-round acting. It is also relieved by some nice quiet humour in the Second Act, and a lot of noisy fun in the Third. The audience, when I was there, preferred the noisy fun, in part because it was noisy, and in part because Mr. JONES was here dealing recognisably with the elemental features of a conjugal quarrel over milliners' bills. In this scene Miss ETHEL IRVING played with an almost incredible fury and abandon. Every moment I thought that something must crack in her fragile framework. Yet I had to side with the

husband; for her bills were too posterously out of proportion with a country *ménage* so limited that its mistress always talked about "the spare room"; while the accommodation for beasts was smaller still, the horse of a solitary caller having to be sent away to the local inn to be put up.

The low-comedy tone of Miss ETHEL IRVING's voice and methods was possibly no part of the author's design, but I think it helped. She was very clever indeed, except with her hands when she had no particular use for them. Miss MARGARET HALSTAN was excellent as a married woman with a taste for hysteria and Platonics; and the author must alone be responsible for any farcical features in this character which were brought out by the fidelity of her interpretation. While all the others acted very soundly, it was the admirably restrained performance of Mr. LOWME which, more than anything else, held the play together on the right side of the doubtful borderland between comedy and farce.

I could wish for it a decent run, but its attractions are not varied enough—a bad fault in these days of severe competition with the Halls of Variety.

By the way, if Mr. JONES had ever visited a Hospital for Incurables I am sure he would have spared us that small joke at the expense of this class of hopeless sufferers. Age and custom have done nothing to modify its unkindliness. O. S.

#### MY OXYGEN TUBE.

I HAD it recharged on my way to *The Pecwit* office, having inhaled its original contents as an experiment before interviewing my landlady on the ticklish subject of missing collars. That experiment had been an overwhelming success, for the large-boned and redoubtable woman who had bullied me for the last two years left my presence weeping silently. I looked forward, therefore, with calm confidence to the task before me of making the editor of *The Pecwit* change his views about the ultimate destination of a series of articles I had written for his paper; for he was a much easier person to deal with, being, in fact, second only to myself in irresolution of character and moral cowardice. Bitterly indeed, in my previous dealings with him, had I realized that one fiery and menacing glance from my eye would have made him flinch evasively, and just one more ounce of bluff than I

was capable of would have turned the scale of terms in my favour. It had, in fact, always been a toss up which of us was going to score, and so far I had lost the toss. But the tube of concentrated valour I carried in my pocket would change all that, and during the few moments in the waiting-room I emptied the charge and filled myself with such dogged pluck that I floated on a cloud of courage to his room.

He was seated at his desk as I entered, and turning his flabby ineffective face in my direction was about to utter his usual "Good morning, just one minute, please"—and keep me waiting while he rang up a box office, when he caught my eye and positively dwindled before it.

"With reference to those articles," I began in cold, menacing tones; "you say in your letter of yesterday's date you find they are hardly the style of thing to suit your paper. You will, however, remember that when I showed you the first of the series and we discussed the lines of the others, you distinctly commissioned me to write them, and I shall certainly hold you to that engagement."

When I began to speak I saw him try with a pitiful effort to pull himself together and meet me on my own ground, but he was not man enough. He cowered back in his chair, his fingers fumbled with his blue pencil, his mouth twitched nervously, but he elongated it into a conciliatory smile and stammered soothingly:

"Oh, yes, yes—to be sure. Very glad you called to talk the matter over— Now let me see— Yes, Miss BLAKE—" (this, apparently, to his lady secretary, whose voice, however, I had not heard). "Excuse me one moment," he said hurriedly and disappeared in the adjoining office. I smiled a sardonic smile, my triumph was assured, and I had just determined to make it guineas instead of pounds when he returned, looking queer and puffy and gasping a little.

"Now about these articles," he exclaimed harshly, with the air of a man who has no time to waste over trifles. "You suggested the series. I merely agreed they sounded promising on the lines you sketched, and assured you they should have careful consideration. That has been given them, with the result that I find they are very poor stuff indeed, not even up to your usual standard. Besides which they showed me that you not only failed to realize the



Vicar of Poppleton. "I HEAR YOU HAVE BEEN OVER AT IPPLETON CHURCH THE LAST TWO SUNDAYS, BATES. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF YOUR CATTLE STRAYED INTO SOMEBODY ELSE'S FIELD?"

Bates. "I SHOULDN'T OBJECT, IF SO BE THE PASTURE WAS BETTER!"

depth of your subject, but lacked the knowledge and insight to deal with it. Under those circumstances, and as there was no written agreement between us, I have no other course but to return them to you, and hope you may be able to place them elsewhere. Meanwhile," he added, dropping his aggressive tone for one of patronising superiority, "you must try and think of something else. Always glad of ideas, you know."

His first onslaught nonplussed me—then as he continued, with a pang of despair, I saw something sticking out of his breast-pocket which accounted for his momentary absence and subsequent access of ferocity. It was a tube of oxygen.

"Will you take these with you—or shall I send them?" he said,

pointing to my articles on the desk. I rose, all the gas gone out of me. "I'll take them," I said cringingly, and slunk out of the door, leaving him an easy winner with three inches of oxygen to spare.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"The Defense of the Answers to the Admonition against the Replie of Thomas Cartwright."

It looks like THOMAS'S opponent's turn now.

"Germany's plan was to play a preponderant rôle—to vote ostensibly for the Russian thesis in such a manner as to transform the Conference into a Conference, &c."

Liverpool Daily Post.

This, however, can be done by means of a little twirly sign to the printer, without dragging in Russia at all.



## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. BERNARD CAPES exhibits such an animus against the ordinary critic in *The Green Parrot* (SMITH, ELLER) that for a long time I thought the title was partly symbolical, and kept wondering where they had put the bird-seed. *John Wisdom* is a novelist whose imaginative methods and delicacy of style have made him unpopular with the good-for-nothing chorus of reviewers; so he takes unbrage and a knapsack and flees into North Wales together with another fugitive from oppression—a precociously intellectual boy who has run away from his cruel step-father with no other luggage than the titular macaw. They are discovered by a most eccentric house-party of literary people, which affords Mr. CAPES so fine a field for his polemics that the actual plot, crowded in at the end, becomes a very small holding indeed. This is a great pity, because the author is quite at his worst. I think, in militant dialectics, whereas he does the romantic business exceedingly well, describes his scene most attractively, and is a master of the vivid epithet. I should like to suggest to Mr. CAPES that next time he feels worried about anything he should take a leaf from the book of another BERNARD and write a voluminous preface, and then weigh in with his novel afterwards. For after all there are such things as arrangement and proportion as well as style.

Once in the dear dead days beyond recall, when I was coming up as a flower, I fell in love with Miss RHODA BROUGHTON's *Nancy*—the first book, I believe, with the exception of *Reading Without Tears*, that ever made me cry—and I have always since preserved a *tendresse* for that young lady and the author of her being. I wish I could feel the same about *Mamma* (MACMILLAN). Perhaps it is because I have grown old, like *Mamma* (the story opens on her seventieth birthday), and have lost the whole-hearted enthusiasm of youth, but the fact remains that I don't even like any of the people in the book—neither *Mamma*, nor her three married daughters, nor her grandchildren, nor the artist who paints her portrait, nor her youngest daughter who becomes his wife after *Mamma* is dead and gone. Miss BROUGHTON has given us, instead of a story, a clever study in selfishness, elaborated by many of those delicate touches of comedy-satire in which she excels. From this point of view her book is a good piece of work. For *Mamma* is a perfect monster of selfishness, especially to the stay-at-home daughter, who lives a helot's life by the side of her invalid couch; and Miss BROUGHTON has drawn her picture so skilfully that I am thinking of

presenting copies of her book to the vampire-mothers of my acquaintance (we all know some of them) the very next time their birthdays come round.

It is a very long time since Mr. KENNETH GRAHAME gave us a book, and now that he has done so in *The Wind in the Willows* (METHUEN) it proves to be on entirely different lines from those of *Dream Days* and *The Golden Age*, though it has many pages which could have been written only by their author. I should describe it myself as a sort of irresponsible holiday story in which the chief characters are woodland animals, who are represented as enjoying most of the advantages of civilisation—shopping, caravanning, motoring, travelling by train, and so on—apparently on terms of more or less equality with the human world. Some grown-up readers may cavil at this, others may find in the story a satirical purpose which its author would probably disclaim. But children will, I think, accept Mr. GRAHAME's Rat, Mole and Badger as personal friends, and enjoy Toad's adventures and mishaps with a heartiness untroubled by any such curious considerations.



Angry Client. "THERE, YOU SEE THE HOUSE IS DISTINCTLY LEANING. I'VE FIXED THIS UP TO CONVINCE YOU."

Builder. "IT LOOKS AN OLD PLUMB-LINE. HAVE YOU HAD IT TESTED LATELY?"

*The Fear of Life* (BLACKWOOD) almost makes the conscientious reviewer yearn for death. Mr. GERALD MAXWELL flies at high game. The principal characters of his story strut on the political platform with the House of Commons in the background. Even for a great artist familiar with them these are difficult conditions to work into a novel. Mr. MAXWELL is not a great artist, and whilst his knowledge of the House of Commons is obviously acquired from the Strangers' Gallery, his intimacy with political personages and problems is gained from study of the newspapers. A chapter or two is more or less agreeably devoted to the record of a day's doings in a madhouse, with lengthy reports of the conversation of several patients suffering from divers illusions.

The reproduction, at the price of six shillings, of the costly volumes of *The Letters of Queen Victoria*, is an achievement sufficient to make the year a red-letter date in literature. There is not an event of public interest happening within the twenty-four years that form the limits of the story that is not here touched and illuminated. The illustrations, some rare, which adorned the first edition are reproduced. Mr. MURRAY is again the publisher, but on this occasion he works in collaboration with *The Times Book Club*; of itself, to those who remember recent events, a pleasing and picturesque incident.

And blessings on the falling out  
That all the more endears,  
When we fall out with those we love  
And kiss again with tears.